McKean County Miner.

...ST OLSON, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

VOL XXXIII. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1896.

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175 and 177 Union St., Olean, N. Y.

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New Management!

New Goods!

Having recently purchased the Mercantile Business of P. D. Hopkins it will be my endeavor to give everyone a

SQUARE DEAL.

As the best advertisement possible are the customers well pleased with the groceries, dry goods etc. we've sold them. Pleased with their every purchase through. They will ... and ... goods and get prices.

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A $5.00 SHOE FOR $3.00.

It is stylish, durable and perfect-fitting, qualities absolutely necessary to make a finished shoe. The cost of manufacturing allows a smaller profit to dealers than any shoe sold at $3.00.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices.

The "Belmont" and "Pointed Toe" (shown in cuts) will be the leaders this season, but any other style desired may be obtained from your agents.

We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys. The full line for sale by

We can only ... Everett Shoe (Lawrence) ... shoes to one ... We ... W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CALLOWAY TEAS.

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THE LOST CHILDREN OF THE CITY

[A scene at the station houses.]

Leave hope behind all ye who enter here.
As the sad Florentine upon the gate
Of endless night beheld these words of fate,
So darken they our thoughts as we draw near
These haunts caused to prayer or softening tear.
But lo! like flowers that on dire's pathway wait
To comfort lands laid waste and desolate,
How the lost children lights these shadows drear!

As thrilling springs that on a sad lip greet
Th traveler in a wild rock set and sear
So rise the tones of child-like laughter sweet—
Of little ones begotten of grief and fear
Th it seems some kindly order to ... post
There yet is ... ye all ye who enter here!"
—Edith M. Thomas in Century

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

My God, colonel, we're surrounded! Morgan's men are on us!

It was in 1863 at the time when John Morgan and his famous band of guerrillas were raiding the country, pillaging, burning and striking terror to all the country round about, that a little band of Union men, about 500, a detachment of General Lew Wallace's division, who had been left to protect supplies at a point in Kentucky near the Ohio line, were surprised and surrounded by Ellsworth's division of Morgan's men.

A scout dashed without ceremony into headquarters with the startling news. There was no time for delay. The outposts had reported the simultaneous appearance of lines of mounted men springing like ghosts from all points of the compass.

Morgan's devils? That means trouble cried the colonel. Here, Crawford wire Cincinnati for reinforcements.'

Frank Crawford an aid to General Wallace, and detailed as telegraph operator grasped the key of the ticker and flashed an appeal over the wire.

Back came the answer:

Special train, 2 000 men, south bound, pass you in an hour. Stop them.'

Preparation for defense were useless. The guerrillas began to close in and the bluecoats found themselves outnumbered five to one. But there appeared to be no intention on the part of the raiders to press a fight. They amused themselves by shooting around the camp and setting slow fires to the supports of railroad bridges over the river near the camp. This gave the Union boys no little alarm. Some one must get through the lines and flag the train.

Who will volunteer? run the gantlet? asked the commander.

He looked at the circle of brave men around him. There was a pause. It meant almost certain death.

I will go, cried one.

What you, Crawford?"

Yes. Here, give me the flag.

Frank Crawford was no coward but in a tent adjoining headquarters lay a handsome brown eyed woman his wife, and by her side a bright little baby born under the old flag but four days before. Near by an old colored nurse was comforting a 3 year-old lad who was frightened by the noise without. The husband and father choked back the emotions which threatened to shake his brave purpose and after a hasty embrace and parting kiss rushed out of the tent.

The guerrillas were riding around outside keeping close watch over every movement in camp. Stealthily Crawford moved along, watching for an unguarded point at an opportune moment. Mrs. Crawford was as brave as her husband. Hearing from her bed she staggered to the door of the tent just in time to see him captured. Her heart stood still for a moment then, quick as a flash she turned pressed her babe to her breast for an instant then glided out and across the camp between the tents, like a white robed specter. Heedless of danger she hurried on, the excitement giving her strength.

The soldiers stood aghast as the woman rushed past them. Ahead were the bridges, and clouds of smoke were slowly rolling skyward from the rebel fires beneath.

Halt. The order rang out above the din.

The determined woman paid no attention to the command.

Fire! A cloud of bullets fell on all sides. She heeded them not, but ran on, her long black hair flying about her shoulders and her loose gown and bare feet giving her the appearance of an insane woman. She reached the bridge and leaped from the to the in safety. Beyond was a second bridge. Could she make it? It was burning underneath. She could see the flames leaping up around the beams. She grew dizzy. She dared not look down. Everything was getting black. With superhuman strength she gathered herself for the final effort. Another beam was reached, another, one more. Thank God, she was over!

Her foot had scarcely left the last beam when, crash! the whole structure collapsed. Horrified and stunned by the effect of her narrow escape, for a moment she was powerless to move. Then she heard the whistle of the locomotive as it rounded the curve. Springing forward, followed by the angry and disappointed cries of her pursuers, and grasping the little red skirt of her baby, which she had dropped up from the floor of the tent as she left, she raised it, and, summoning all her remaining strength, waved it frantically above her head. A rifle shot rang out, and the brave woman fell pierced by a rebel bullet.

The signal was seen. The train with its precious freight was stopped almost at the brink of the ravine.

On the side track in front of the engine lay she who had risked her life to save the soldiers. White and still was the upturned face, as though death had laid his hand upon her. Tenderly the silent figure was carried into a car and laid upon a hastily constructed cot, and gentle hands ministered to her needs.

Meanwhile a dramatic scene was being enacted not far away. General Ellsworth had ridden up to the top of a knoll above the camp where he could command a view of all that passed below. Crawford, the operator, had been stripped to the back of a horse and was being carried surrounded by a crowd of raiders, to their chief.

The lawlessness of Morgan's men had caused a general order from Union headquarters to be posted all over the country announcing that any one caught devastating property would be shot on sight. Captain Crawford, afterward brevetted colonel, was detailed to post the notices, thereby gaining the hatred of the raiders, who only waited an opportunity to vent their revenge on him. The opportunity now presented itself, and as they drew near the general removed his feldglass from his eyes and surveyed the prisoner.

"Who is he?"

A corporal advanced and saluted.

"A Union soldier, sir."

"Where did you get him?"

"Caught attempting to run through the lines with a flag. I think he wanted to flag some train."

"Corporal, detail ten men and have him shot."

As the Lieutenant turned to obey the order something familiar about the prisoner struck the attention of the general.

"Say, fellow, what's your name?" he inquired.

"Crawford," came the answer.

The general started.

"What did you say? Crawford? Your first name, man, quick!"

"Frank."

The general looked again into the prisoner's face.

"My God, Frank, is it you?" he said, and as the situation dawned on him he continued:

This is too bad."

Crawford, in surprise, surveyed his captor for a moment and recognized an old school chum and companion.

"Why Ellsworth, I didn't know you!" he exclaimed.

"Here, lieutenant, take good care of this man. I'll attend to his case later," said the general as he hastily turned away and resumed his inspection of the scene below. Scarcely had he put his glass to his eyes when he beheld the fleeting figure fall before the halting train. This was the signal for action among the rebels. With a few sharp commands the troops formed in retreating order and were soon lost to view in a cloud of dust.

* * * * * *

Hours passed and the little woman, once more in camp, showed signs of returning life. Suddenly she opened her eyes.

"What is that?" she gasped.

"Be quiet," replied the nurse. "It is nothing. You have been ill and must remain quiet."

"No, no, it is calling me," she persisted, raising herself with much difficulty upon her arm. "I must go and see what he wants."

"She must be out of her mind," thought the nurse as she gently tried to persuade the sick woman to remain still.

"There it is again, calling, calling."

"What is calling?"

"The telegraph instrument. You must take me to it. It is my husband's private call. There, don't you hear it?"

In an adjoining tent on an improvised desk the telegraph ticker merrily clicked away its dots and dashes. Thinking only to humor her, the nurse called a couple of stalwart soldiers and the cot with its precious burden was carried close to the instrument.

Tremblingly her fingers sought the key. Her husband had taught her its use and given her a peculiar call by which she could always recognize him. It was this call, the presence of his instrument, that had called her spirit back to earth.

"Who is it?" she ticked.

"Friend—foe—friend—foe," came the answer.

"What do you want?"

"Mrs. Crawford."

"This is she. What is it?"

"I, General Ellsworth, saw your brave deed from the hill where I stood," came the message, "and, although I had previously commanded that your husband be shot you need have no fear. I will spare his life for your sake. Good-by!"

She sank back on the cot exhausted, tears filled her eyes and a faint 'Thank God!" escaped her lips as she was carried back to her tent.

* * * * * *

The guerrillas had made a hasty retreat, taking Crawford with them, and were now 20 miles away, camping for the night.

The hatred against Crawford was so bitter that General Ellsworth could not pardon him, but that night, under the cover of darkness and in charge of a secretly instructed officer, Crawford was mounted on the fleetest horse in camp, with the instructions from the general to "ride like h—ll!"

He evidently obeyed, for he was not seen again by the rebel soldiers. Nine days after he joined his wife and babies at Union headquarters. It was a happy reunion and as soon as Mrs. Crawford was able there was an elaborate reception given by the officers in their honor, at the Burnett House, in Cincinnati.

By a strange coincidence, that was the very day Morgan and his men were captured, and the prisoners were made to pass in review before the hotel en route to prison.—Detroit News.

The Italians' Street Cries.

The itinerant Italian fruit vender illustrates some curious peculiarities of speech. In his native land he is given to vowel terminations, but here it is otherwise and even the voice with which he cries his wares is harsh and raucous. The strawberry becomes "strawb," as he cries it; but, oddly enough the lemon becomes "lemmi," and the vowel closing banana is consonantized into "banan." It is the same with the collector of rags and bottles, who vowelizes them into "raggi botti," while the organ grinder clips the final vowel found from monkey and calls it "the monk." Queer, isn't it?—Boston Herald.

A NEW YORK STREET SHOW.

The Interesting Performance of an Equine Gymnast.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a horse to eat from the ground standing—that is the way it feeds in nature—but a horse that was standing in Nassau street the other day, attached to a delivery wagon, ate from the ground in a way that interested everybody who saw him.

Straightening out his fore legs in front of him, at an angle of about 45 degrees, something as a dog straightens out his fore legs in stretching, he lowered his body at the shoulders to about half its usual elevation above the ground. Then he inclined his head downward between his legs until his lips touched the pavement. He didn't need to bend his neck more than half as much as would have been necessary if he had remained standing with his fore legs upright. It was like a feat in gymnastics.

A crescent-shaped crowd gathered in front of the horse, one horn of the crescent being on one sidewalk and the other on the other. Somebody put a pear down on the pavement between the horse's feet. Out went his feet and down he lowered his body and then deliberately he inclined his head and picked up the pear, and then he straightened up and ate it, all to the great enjoyment of the crowd. One man said Barnum ought to have him, and yet when he straightened up and was standing at rest he was just a good looking horse whom nobody would ever have taken for the prize horse gymnast.

A boy laid down the core of an apple and the horse picked that up as before until the crowd looked on, and presently the driver came out of a building and jumped on the seat of the wagon. He saw the crowd, but he didn't let on that he saw it or anything remarkable at all; he simply gathered up the lines and drove off, and then the crowd melted away.—New York Sun.

Will Return With Protection.

Confidence and stability are the two factors yet to be obtained.—Washington C. Ford, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics.

Many a day's work is lost by sick headache, caused by indigestion and stomach troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most effectual pill for overcoming such difficulties. A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Belcher, East Smethport.

CANADA HAD SILVER.

An Object Lesson From Our Northern Neighbor's Early History.

MORAL THAT WAS TAUGHT.

The Whole Community Had To Sweat Blood as Penance.

FOREIGN TRADE CRIPPLED.

Populism Can Enable Some People to Beat the Loan Company, but the Swindle Can Only Be Perpetrated Once—The Cost of Living Increasing While the Purchasing Power of the Dollar Steadily Decreases.

Much interest is taken by Canadians in the progress of the silver campaign in the United States. Here as there, some of us are goldbugs, some for silver. A year or two ago The Globe dealt with the paper money question which agitated Canada when Canada belonged to France. It may be worth while to explain the silver question which arose about the same time, as it throws light upon the merits of the controversy among our neighbors.

New France as Canada was then called, had very little specie money. As in other new countries men were thrown back upon barter. In order to establish a standard of value of some sort wheat in 1due was made legal tender in payment of all debts at the rate of four livres the bushel. Beaver skins were made legal tender at the current price whatever it might be and so in 1674, were deer skins, the skin of the Canadian original. The deer and beaver skins varied in value of course, with the success or failure of the catch and were perplexing because a fluctuating currency.

Wheat at four livres was not so bad, because it remained at or about that price for many years. But it was impossible to transport any large quantity of it in those days without trouble and delay. The settlers within a few miles of Quebec or Three Rivers could take a load to town in his boat or sleigh and exchange it for clothing or powder and shot, but it was not easy to employ it as a medium of exchange elsewhere.

The hard or specie money in vogue—'ringing money' as the French call it—consisted of a miscellaneous lot of coins. Among others there was the French louis d'or gold as the name denotes, the livre, or franc, worth twenty cents of our present Canadian money, the sou or sou worth a cent, the liard worth a quarter of a sou. The livre was silver the others copper.

The king in 1670 authorized the Company of the Indies Occidentales to issue this coinage to the amount of 100,000 francs (the highest his majesty's possessions. It had been found that specie money had a habit of leaving the colony. The merchants exported it in payment of their accounts in France. To keep it in the colony the king ordered that it should be overvalued so long as it circulated there. Thus the French silver crown, worth three livres in France, was to be legal tender for four in Canada, the liard, worth three deniers, was to pass for six, and so on.

We may be sure there was a job at the bottom of the undervaluing. In that age kings and princes often resorted to such means of cheating their subjects. The subject in Canada took a load of wood to the royal warehouse or to the agents of the trading monopoly, and parted with it, as he believed for a crown worth four livres in money of France. But when he went to buy an axe or a coat, the merchant, who imported everything from France reckoned the crown as worth only three livres its value in France. He had to accept it as legal tender for four, but that did not prevent him from marking up his price so as to make it in reality worth but three. It was for his exploits in fleecing the people in this way by issuing clipped and overvalued money that King Phillippe le Bel nicknamed the Coiner was placed by Dante in hell.

The overvaluing in New France deceived nobody but the settler and he soon had his eyes opened by the storekeeper. Nor did it keep the specie money in the country. What happened was this. It flowed as before to the coffers of the merchants, who accepted it, not at its fictitious value, but (by increasing their prices) at its value in "money of France" and shipped it in the fall to France to pay their bills. Their sharp fellows in France began to send out clipped and 'sweated' coins, such as livres worth only fifteen sous and crowns which would scarcely pass at all, to profit by the overvaluation.

This light money got to be such a nuisance that the sovereign council met and abolished the overvaluation in the hope of checking its inflow. Traffic with the English and Dutch colonies to the south was prohibited, nevertheless the English and Dutch traders carried it on surreptitiously, and found it more profitable to pay for French beaver skins in light reals and piastres than in honest goods. Commerce within the colony was greatly hampered by the uncertainty of the value of this light foreign money. It was not legal tender and was not obliged to take it, and in 1683 the Quebec merchants refused to accept it at any figure, whereupon the council ordered that it should circulate at its bullion value with a slight addition.

To effect this it was necessary to weigh and stamp the coins. Holders were obliged to take them to a court appointed for the purpose and to pay six deniers for the weighing and stamping of each piastre, demi-piastre, quart and demi-quart, besides losing the difference between the new and the old value.

Things had got into such a mess over the attempt to give specie money a fiat value that in despair the people turned to card money. It will be remembered that the card money circulated as its face value so long as it was convertible into bills drawn on the French treasury and so long as the bills were promptly paid. When, however owing to reckless financing and the drain of war, France could no longer take up the bills, the Canadian holders of cards were nearly beggared. Toward the end of the French regime the inhabitant was allowed to issue a paper money known as ordonnances as he saw fit.

The ordonnances were not convertible into anything except as circumstances permitted, and circulated at a heavy discount from the start. When England took possession the card money and ordonnances held in the colony amounted, face value, to no less than £1,000,000 francs, or about $10,000,000 for 65,000 people. Here was a "cheap and abundant currency" with a vengeance. The bank note circulation in Canada today, for a population of 5,000,000, is about $60,000,000. But it is demonstrable that New France lost more by that "cheap" money experience than by the ravages of the British troops in the parishes and the bombardment of the city both put together.

It is true the settler was able to pay his rent and seigniorial dues in depreciated paper or light silver money. To that extent he profited by the degradation of the standard of value, just as the Russian farmer will profit through being able to redeem 100 rents of mortgage with 35 cents' worth of silver. But the engineer in New France soon got wise upon a different basis—that is, he made a stipulation, if it had not been so stipulated before, that the rent and dues should be paid in "money of France." The merchants run their stores on that basis all along, so that if farm produce fetched more prices of money, a larger number of livres and sous than formerly, their purchasing power was no greater than before, and the farmer consequently was no better off. The artisan was worse off, for the cost of living rose beyond the increase of wages.

Foreign trade, such as there was, was crippled and internal commerce thrown into confusion, fraud was rampant, the intendant Migot being the biggest rascal of the lot, and when the final crash came and card money and ordonnances were not worth much more than waste paper—fortunately England afterward indemnified France to pay so much in the dollar—the people, as an ecclesiastic wrote, "were perfectly heart broken, rage alternating with grief." The United States is a vastly greater and more complex organism than New France, and the ruin that would follow its descent to a silver basis and—the wholesale swindling of the public and private creditor, including every one who has money in the bank or in an insurance policy, would be a convulsion out of sight more serious than that which shook the little colony on the St. Lawrence to its foundations.

The moral taught by events there is that an 'abundant' inconvertible paper currency is practically of no more use than a check for which there are no funds, and that specie money must have an intrinsic value of its own equal to the value it stands for. A Populist government could not make a twenty sou livre worth forty sous, or a 53 cent dollar worth 100 cents at the store, and, as has been said, the real measure of the value of money, specie or paper, is what it will buy, what it is equivalent of in goods. Populism can enable the farmer to "beat" the loan company, but the swindle can be perpetrated only once, and the whole community will have to sweat blood as penance for many a day after.—Toronto (Ontario) Globe.

Wool Industrial Capacity.

During all the years the Republican party was in power, and when Republican policy prevailed there was no necessity for issuing bonds to maintain the gold reserve. The government had constantly money enough to meet all current expenses and a surplus to apply to the reduction of the national debt. This happy condition of affairs was due solely to the fact that we had a tariff system that provided revenue and afforded protection. What better argument could be advanced in defence of a protective tariff? At the same time the fact that we also had industrial prosperity only emphasizes the argument. Give us protection and there will be no agitation of the money question—no issuing of bonds.—Cambria Herald.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

Twenty-seven Years of Protection (1861 to 1893) decreased our public debt $1,747,301,876.

Three Years of Free Trade (1893 to 1896) increased our public debt $262,220,036.

These are the plainest reasons why McKinley should be elected president, the sooner the better.

Dr Schaffer's Reply.

When Dr Schaffer superintendent of public instruction, who is a Democrat, was asked by a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter, 'Will you vote the ticket?'

'I pay out $6,500 000 of the state's money for the schools every year, and I think too much of our school system and the welfare of the children to have the districts receive a depreciated currency, 55 cents for a dollars,' was the significant reply. The doctor said no more. It was enough.

The Coming Man.

[Tune—'Marching Through Georgia.']

McKinley he's the coming man as sure as you are born.
He'll sweep the mighty prairies on the next election morn.
Then all the loyal freemen will shout the loud acclaim
Three cheers for McKinley and protection.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah from mountain and from glen!
Hurrah! Hurrah for the coming, coming man!
The tide is daily rising to the front 'twill come again.
This grand old Republican party.

It saved the nation once, my boys, 'twill save it now again.
From bankruptcy and foreign powers and all designing men.
McKinley is our captain, and he's the chosen man.
Three cheers for the man that brings protection.

All honor to the boys in blue who fought so bravely then
Now to the front, my comrades, it is time to fight again
Our nation is in danger, but we'll free it once again
By voting for McKinley and protection.

—Canton (O.) Repository.

Nobody Americans.

Among my fellow passengers recently on one of these good but very slow ships, the Irrawaddie, was a little curly haired English boy who had evidently been brought up in the strictest sect of the aristocracy—an embryonic Englishman of the Englishmen.

"Do you speak French, little boy?" said a good lady to him, who was trying to scrape acquaintance with the youthful Britan.

"Oh, naww," said the little chap.

"Do you speak American?" then asked the lady.

"Oh, naww," he replied, with a still stronger emphasis.

"But wouldn't you like to learn American?" persisted the lady.

"Oh, naww, thanks," answered this sturdy little patriot. "It is very, very nashty to speak American."—North American Review.

Tennyson's Prediction.

It has been learned that Tennyson predicted the day of his death. Just a year before his death friends of the poet were visiting Aldworth House. The late Lord Selborne turned to Tennyson and remarked, "You ought to be happy here." "Ah," sighed the poet, "I have only a year to live!" His listeners laughed at the remark, but it was unfortunately a correct prediction that was verified to the minute.

Affability, mildness, tenderness and a word which I would fain bring back to its original significance of virtue—I mean good nature—are of daily use. They are the bread of mankind and the staff of life.—Dryden.

Does it Pay to be Sick?

Besides the discomforts and suffering. Illness of any sort is expensive. Hundreds of people consult the doctors every day about coughs and colds. This is a time of the year when they are liable to suffer them to settle on the throat and lungs do both if still. It costs less and the cure is certain. You can get a trial bottle free of cost at the store. Regular size 50 cents and $1.00. Sold by A. W. Colegrove, Smethport; C. M. Benson, Colegrove; S. W. Stanbery, Newark.

English Sports Liniment cures all pain, heals all sores, removes all inflammations, sprains and muscular soreness. Will prevent blood poisoning. Keeps the system in healthy condition. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, A. E. Belcher, East Smethport.

Both on horses, cattle and sheep. Gargling Oil cures Sore Throat, Distemper, Influenza, Coughs and Colds. Every bottle warranted. Sold by Wetmore's Pharmacy, Bradford, Pa. Agents wanted. Send for circulars.

Your Worst Enemy Walking

With the germs of consumption in your blood, if you have a Christian spirit, you would pronounce, He is, no matter what his delinquencies, benevolent enough. Burning zeal of Pharisees often enhances his misery. Moreover, he is a public benefactor. The disease is stamped upon him, and he bears and has borne the highest reputation for honesty, integrity and benevolence. Consumption is a constitutional disease, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by its tonic and invigorating influence upon the nutritive organs, cures consumption, after all other remedies have failed. Nothing else can show such a record of cures of this terrible disease. Nothing else is guaranteed to cure, or your money is returned. Nothing else has such a record of cures of consumptive coughs. Nothing else is guaranteed to cure, or your money is returned. Nothing else is guaranteed to cure, or your money is returned. Nothing else is guaranteed to cure, or your money is returned

Mc Kean County Miner

[illegible]

THE PRESIDENT PICKET

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

New Goods.

Fall Dress Goods,
Tailor Made Suiting,
Century Cloth,
Wrapper Goods,
Draperies,
Lace Curtains,
Footwear

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Smethport, Pa

Aug 27 1896

Mention the *Miner* when you write us

300. 300. 300.

GLEASON'S GALLERY

GLEASON'S GALLERY.

—A letter received yesterday from Buffalo announcing the death, yesterday morning, of the father of A. C. Goehl, a merchant of this place.

—Rev Ella Poole of Brooklyn will speak in the Baptist church Sunday evening Sept 20 for the benefit of the W. C. T. U. Don't miss it.

Eldred will lose several of their good citizens next month. T. C. Waterman is moving to Warren and will go to Georgia and he with several others will remove there.

[illegible] home made ice cream of the Ladies Literary Union of Mount Jewett. Oysters and clams were fine and everybody that famous chef Ed Cassidy.

The Mount Jewett High School is King Secretary of the Fall Agricultural fair to be held Sept 29th. [illegible] time and place.

Last Sunday [illegible] St. Luke's Parish [illegible] large number of men were present and [illegible] especially the [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. N. F. will [illegible] Sunday morning [illegible]

[illegible] Hall [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] the Misses [illegible]

[illegible] James Bohler Democratic candidate for Sheriff was not well last Friday.

Chas Kaufman of Eldred was a pleasant caller at this office last Saturday.

Mrs. A. [illegible] came over from Bradford Tuesday to attend argument court.

Mrs. [illegible] Mullin of Bradford was guests at the Central Tuesday.

Mr. H. S. Rogers and children returned from Mt. Jewett Monday.

[illegible] Hall [illegible] a few days.

A. Wall, Williams, [illegible] Monday.

[illegible] Saturday last Saturday to [illegible] the schools [illegible]

[illegible] Nelson [illegible] Tuesday last We [illegible] Smethport.

Mr. [illegible] Hess [illegible] the [illegible] Hall [illegible] this winter.

[illegible] Dry [illegible] All [illegible] way [illegible] teacher while [illegible] Monday.

Mr. Nelly Hagan [illegible] was a guest [illegible] Keenan the first [illegible] week.

[illegible] Tuesday from [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr. [illegible] Mr.

DR MORITZ SALM

Wonderfully successful in all Chronic Diseases and

Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, Lungs and

Nasal Catarrh. All Eye Operations Successfully Performed.

Examination and Consultation Free to Everybody.

He Curse After Others Fail.

Dr Salm will be at

The Cyclist's Necessity.

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The Leading National Republican Family Newspaper.

Will make a vigorous and relentless fight through the Presidential campaign, for principles which will bring prosperity to the entire community.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. E. Hoat, Tribune Building, New York, and sample copy of the NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

Many cases of so called heart disease are only cases of acid fermentation in the stomach. The irritation from the acid hinders the action of the heart, through the pheumogastric nerve, and very often the excessive retarding power of this peculiarly acting nerve, becomes a very serious matter; the heart makes the greatest effort to do its work, but there is a short ness of breath which cannot be made up for, and the feeling throughout the chest is very distressing. Sometimes these acid gases and fumes an acrid eructation in the throat, at other times the burning lump and down the chest.

Another stomach trouble is that form of dyspepsia which gives pain after eating. Persons with this disease seem to have but a scant measure of nerve strength, when food is being digested, the stomach needs the concentration of all of the nerve and brain force, and if reading close thought is attempted soon after eating, the stomach commences that intolerable aching which dyspeptics dread so much, when the only immediate relief appears to be to stop the mental activity and get up and move around. In such cases there is evidently for the time being, too little nerve power to divide between the stomach and the brain each one does the work it all to enable it to perform its labor.

These are the properties possessed by Dr Hays Stomach and Nerve Tonic, which constitute it a cure for all of the above distressing ills. Due to its power to paralyze acid even during the stomach and suppress the formation of gas and acid, the other

giving of increased nerve force, strength, and renewal of life and health.

Lucas Co. A. H. Armstrong & Co. Sole Agents for Dr. M. Hays, of Milan and Lawrence River Counties.

Rock-ola's Arabian Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. W. Colegrove, Smethport, and A. B. Armstrong & Co., Kinzua.

Rock-ola's Female Tonic.

Is a positive cure for all female complaints, such as irregular menstruation, whites, falling of the womb, and all other symptoms and diseases peculiar to women. Sold by druggists at $1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by Dr. Mason Medicine Co., Limited, Bradford, Pa.

Inward Troubles cured by Dr. Salm.

I have suffered with inward and general trouble all of life, but I am happy to state that Dr. Salm has relieved me. Lonnie Hammers

Mannerville, Pa.

Catarrh and Lung Trouble Cured by Dr. Salm.

For nearly five years I have had a bad case of Catarrh, and lung trouble and greatly suffered from the effects of same. Several of our best physicians had given me up as incurable, and I had about made up my mind to die, when I was induced to try Dr. Salm's Catarrh Cure. I purchased a bottle of it, and before I had used half of it I was greatly benefited, and after using two bottles I was entirely cured. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from Catarrh and lung trouble. Mrs. Dorothea Bilger, Pa.

Dr. Salm's Catarrh Cure.

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Dr. Salm's Catarrh Cure.

Has positively cured thousands, such as have baffled the skill of all other physicians and given up to die. Sold by druggists at 50 cents per bottle. Prepared only by Dr. Salm Medicine Co., Limited, Bradford